ſhew you more, for looke where my abridgement comes.

Enter the Players.

Ham. You are welcome maſters, welcome all, I am glad to ſee thee well, welcome good friends; oh old friend! why thy face is valanc'd ſince I ſaw thee laſt, com'ſt thou to beard mee in *Denmarke?* what my young Lady and Miſtreſſe! my Lady your Ladiſhip is neerer to heaven than when I ſaw you laſt by the altitude of a chopine, pray God your voice, like a peece of uncurrant gold, be not crackt within the ring: maſters you are all welcome, wee'll e'en to't like friendly Faukners, flye at any thing wee ſee, wee'll have a ſpeech ſtrait, come give us a taſte of your quality, come a paſſionate ſpeech.

Player. What ſpeech my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeake me a ſpeech once, but it was never acted, or if it was, not above once, for the play I remember pleaſed not the million, 'twas caviary to the generall, but it was as I received it and others, whoſe judgements in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine, an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet downe with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid there were no ſallets in the lines to make the matter ſavoury, nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection, but call'd it an honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine; one ſpeech in't I chiefly loved, 'twas *Æneas* talke to *Dido*, and thereabout of it eſpecially when he ſpeakes of *Priams* ſlaughter, if it live in your memory begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee, the rugged *Pyrrhus* like th'ircanian Beaſt, 'tis not it begins with *Pyrrhus*. The rugged *Pyrrhus*, hee whoſe ſable armes,

Blacke as his purpoſe did the night reſemble,
When he lay couched in th'ominous horſe,
Hath now his dread and blacke complection ſmear'd
With Heraldry more diſmall head to foot:
Now is he totall Gules, horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſonnes,
Bak'd and embaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their Lords murder, roſted in wrath and fire,
And thus ore-ciſed with coagulate gore,

With eyes like Carbuncle, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old granſire *Priam* ſeekes; ſo proceed you.

Pol. Fore God my Lord well ſpoken, with good a

Play. Anon he finds him
Striking too ſhort at Greekes, his anticke ſword
Rebellious to his arme, lyes where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequall matcht,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,
But with the whiffe and winde of his fell ſword
Th'unnerved father falls.
Seeming to feele this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe, and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus* eare: for loe his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverent *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th ayre to ſticke,
So as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* ſtood,
Like a neutrall to his will and matter,
Did nothing:
But as we often ſee againſt ſome ſtorme,
A ſilence in the heavens, the rackes ſtand ſtill,
The bold wind ſpeechleſſe, and the orbe below
As huſh as death, anon the dreadfull thunder
Doth rend the region: ſo after *Pyrrhus* pawſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new aworke,
And never did the Cyclops hammers fall,
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proofe eterne,
With leſſe remorſe than *Pyrrhus* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.
Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! all you gods
In generall ſynod take away her power,
Breake all the ſpokes and felloes from her wheel
And boule the round nave downe the hill of heav
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ha. It ſhall to the Barbers with your beard: p
for a jig, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps; ſay on,

Play. But who, ah woe had ſeene the mobled

Ham. The mobled Queene!